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The Blooming Rose GARLAND.

Containing Five New SONGS,

1. The Blooming Rose.
2. The Parson kiss'd the Fidler's Wife.
3. The Merry Haymakers.
4. Ys Swains that are courting a Maid.
5. The Answer.



Sold by S. NAYLER, in Broad-mend,

(2)
The Blooming Rose.

MY Love was born in the merry Month of June,
When the Field and Meadows they were green
With a Garland of Roses (and gay,
And sweet pretty Poses,
All this I'll make to crown his birth Day,

His fatal Foes has vanish'd my blooming Rose,
And in Distress has left me to cry,
No hing shall ease my Mind,
Till I my Comfort find,
All in great Joy to crown my love's Birth Day,

If I could find him no longer I mourn,
But in my Bosom his head will I stow,
Whit soft melting Pleasure
Joy out of Measure,
I would in sweet Raptures spend his Birth Day,

All Mirth and Musick crown me with Joy,
Fortune will Smile on that happy Day,
The Bells shall ring
From City and From Town,
All in great Joy to crown his birth Day.

Tho' a poor Female, I'll dress in Armour bright,
Boldy to venture by Land or by Sea,
No Strength nor Sword
Shall never make me yield,
But make me Conqueress I'll crown his Birth Day.

My kind Epithet lends me safe to my Love,
The kids and young Lambkins most pleasant and gay,
They'll frisk and aye play
At our Return again,
Truely Sport on your Love's Birth Day.

The Parson kiss'd the Fidler's Wife.

WE are rough with drinking on't,
we are tough with drinking,
The parson kiss'd the fidler's wife,
And could not preach for thinking on't,
Green grow the Rushes, O,
Green grow the Rushes, O,
The Feather Bed is not so soft
As the Bottom of her Belly, O.

Where shall we go and drink a pot, &c.
In the Country of Derry, O,
A Mile beyond the Ferry, O,
Green grow, &c.

Kissing Maids it is kind and free, &c.
And when my Money's to be spent,
I am supply'd by two or three.
Green grows, &c.

He said he would not marry me, &c.
Must I be down and die for that,
The Devil a Bit I'll warrant thee,
Green grows, &c.

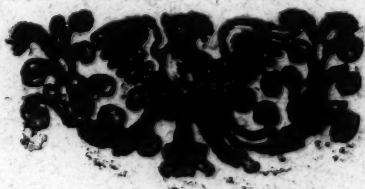
She said she would not marry me, &c.
 I'll rove abroad among the Girls,
 And soon get one as good as she. &c.

I courted pretty Sally, O, &c.
 I did embrace her all Night long,
 And upon her pretty Belly O, &c.

We'll drink Sack and Sherry, O, &c.
 Where the Maids are got with Child,
 In the country of Derry, O, &c.

Farwell to Kate and Nancy,
 Day and Night I took Delight, O,
 In pleasing of her Fancy, O, &c.

Roving Wooly is my Name &c.
 a m young and kind and well Inclined,
 And all the Lasses know the same.
 Green grow, &c.



The Merry Haymakers.

IN the merry month of june,
 The prime time of the year,
 Down in yonder meadow
 There runs a river clear,
 Where many a little Fish
 Doth in that river play;
 And many a lad, and many a lass,
 Go abroad a making hay.
 In came the scythman,
 To mow the meadow down,
 With budget and with bottle
 Of ale that was so brown,
 All labouring men of courage bold
 Come here their strength to try,
 They sweat and blow and stoutly mow,
 For the grass cuts very dry.
 Here's nimble Tib and Tom,
 With Pitchfork and with Rake,
 Here's Molly, Nell, and Susan,
 Come here their Hay to make.
 Sweet, Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet,
 The Nightingale doth sing,
 From morning unto evening,
 As they were a Haymaking.

And when that bright Phœbus,
 The Sun was going down,
 A merry-disposed Piper
 Approached from the Town,
 He pull'd out his Pipe and Tabor,
 Proposing for to play, (rakes
 Which made them all lay down their
 And leave off making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
 jig'd it o'er the green,
 Tho' tired with their labour,
 No one less was seen
 But sporting like two fairies,
 Their Dance they did pursue,
 in leading up, and casting off
 'Till the morning was in View.

But when as bright Phœbus
 The morning being come,
 They lay down in the Hay-Cocks,
 Till the Rising of the Sun,
 And Sporting all the Time,
 Whilst the harmless Birds did sing;
 Each Lad arose and take his Lads,
 And away to Haymaking.

A New SONG.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me,
 Tho' small experience i've had

I'll give you good counsel and free,
 For women are changable things
 And seldom a moment the same,
 As Timea Variety brings
 Ther looks new Humours proclaim.

But he who in love would succeed
 And his Mistrefs favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed

To make Hay while the Sun is screen,
 There's a season to conquer the fair
 And that's when they are merry and gay
 To watch the Occasion take Care
 when 'tis gone in vain you'll assay.

The Answer

YF nymphs that are modestly gay
 Whose tempers are gentle and free
 I flattered and courted, I pray,
 Learn dilligent council of me,
 Tho' women are given to change
 men in a worse frenzy are gone,
 Each youth has the failing to range
 And seldom proves constant to one;

Then let not such monsters succeed
 That deal in so subtle a way,
 Unless you their wishes impede
 Too soon they'll your virtue betray
 The season that conquers the Fair
 I'd have you be careful to shun,
 Rather then be drawn in a snare
 Let beauty from subtilty run.

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